

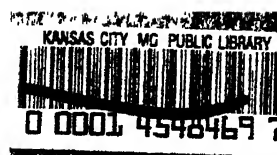


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## STATE FLOWER POEMS





DEDICATED  
To  
The Memory of  
HENRY SHAW  
Founder of the Famous  
"Shaw's Gardens"  
Missouri Botanical Gardens  
St. Louis

Printed in the U. S. A.



F O R T Y - E I G H T  
S T A T E F L O W E R P O E M S

Written Especially for this  
Anthology



By  
Poet Laureates  
And  
Nationally Known American Writers



Collected By  
Theophilus Fitz  
Formerly  
Dean of Music  
Colorado State College of Education  
Greeley, Colorado

St. Louis  
1930



# Prefatory

Flowers, ever the harbinger of hope and love, have been typical, always of man's best wishes, hopes and ambitions, and are the typification of life immortal. They awaken in the hearts of the people memories of home, childhood days, sweet sorrows, family ties and the incidents of the land of their nativity. To this end all of the states have formally chosen state flowers either by legislative action, a vote of the children or common consent of the people.

In America the state flower movement was started by New York state, although the legislature of that commonwealth has never yet sanctioned a state flower. However, the Rose without designation as to species or color, has been chosen by common consent as the floral emblem.

Oklahoma was the first State to adopt by legislative action, a state flower. In January 1893, the Territorial government passed a resolution making the mistletoe the Territory's official flower.

Although the states have often expressed their preferences in color-pictures of their chosen state flowers, this is the first attempt to assemble in a single volume, a poem about the floral emblem of each state. Each poem is a separate and distinct work from the pens of some of America's most distinguished modern poets.

"We may differ in race, in intellect, in complexion, we may even dissent in philosophy, religion and politics, but alike is the color of the blood in our veins; so let the color of our state flowers be representative of that blood, and ever remind us of our common humanity."

Acknowledgment is here made of the splendid cooperation of the state librarians, poet laureates and other nationally known writers of the various states, without which this anthology never could have been achieved.

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands  
                  remaining,  
Far from the voices of teachers and  
                  divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of God's  
                  ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines."

# Alabama

## THE GOLDENROD

From the Gulf in the south to the mountains  
That lift their strength to the skies,  
The goldenrod springs in bright fountains,  
The crest of the goldenrod flies.  
Out of the dusk and the grasses  
Where the meadows lie rich and broad  
Are spun the starry masses  
Alabama's goldenrod.

A largesse of all of her living  
A wreath for her sacred dead;  
This land that is fruitful with giving  
This land by a thousand streams fed,  
Acclaims a gallant flower,  
By every hill and road,  
As her emblem of pride and power,  
Alabama's goldenrod.

-Frances R. Dunham

# Arizona

## THE CACTUS

God's Candelabra,  
Long years you stand,  
With arms uplifted,  
On the tableland.  
A feast spread before you,  
A vision rare,  
Meat and drink of loveliness,  
Soul satisfying fare.

Old mountains drunk with  
beauty,  
Clothed in velvet shadows,  
Sit huddled roundabout,  
The head of one,  
On the shoulder of the other,  
Mad with wine of color  
In ecstasy they shout.  
But you, Sagura,  
God's candelabra,  
Like an ancient priest,  
Stand with arms uplifted,  
Blessing the feast.

-Margaret Wheeler Ross

Farm and Garden, January 1926  
Arizona Number.  
Poet Laureate of Arizona  
Federation of Women's Clubs



# Arkansas

## THE APPLE BLOSSOM

In Arkansas in spring  
There is no lovelier thing  
Than orchards blossoming.

Trees, clustered gay in white-  
And petaled-pink delight,  
Eagerly invite  
Gold-banded bees.  
Close packed, the blossoms sway  
In rythmic, measured way,  
Stirred by April breeze  
On myriad trees.

To Arkansas this flower,  
Of apple-trees the dower  
Of beauty and of spring,  
Means everything.

-Mary Anne Davis

# California

## THE GOLDEN POPPY

When first the wandering wind-ships  
    To California came,  
They saw upon the hillside slopes  
    The poppy's golden flame.  
The vibrant glory of the dawn  
    Its petals to unfold,  
And with the sunset's twilight sleep  
    To close each cup of gold.

Still on the shining upland steeps  
    In peerless beauty stand  
The splendor of the poppy fields  
    To light a golden land.  
Awake with beauty of the dawn,  
    Sleep-wrapped in sunset fire-  
La Amapola petaled in  
    Land of Heart's Desire.

-John Steven McGroarty  
Poet Laureate of California

# Colorado

## THE COLUMBINE

In the mountains of Colorado  
High on her peaks of pine,  
Beneath the green quaking aspens  
Flutters the gay Columbine

In kirtle of purple and bonnet of gold,  
A kirchief that 'is stately and emerald  
green,  
It thrives where the hill stretches high.

Proud Aquilena, as fair as the day,  
Columbia, emblem of peace,  
Courtied and loved by the gay Harlequin,  
Who cherished each wilful caprice.

Great riches lie in the fastness,  
Rare jewels of many a hue;  
The Columbine drinks up their colors,  
Close by the frail mountain-rue.

There has the buffalo wandered,  
And there the wild moose comes to rest;  
The Indians found her in summer  
Where bald eagles builded their nest.

She blossoms in calm silken silence,  
Where never a whisper is heard;  
While no slightest zephyr is stirring,  
No whistle of insect or bird.

Near her the storm-horses gallop,  
As Pegasus galloped of old,  
Free on the great mountain-apex,  
Where snow lies perpetual and cold.

-Georgia MacSentre Stamper

# Connecticut

## THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL

In hushed woodlands on the hill  
High above a weathered mill,  
In lone nooks on ragged edges  
Of the lofty, granite ledges,  
Ever gleaming through the snow  
Sturdy laurel loves to grow.

After winter's storms and cold  
Rose hued chalices unfold  
Under June's most eager fingers.  
Here the bee devoutly lingers.  
Laurel thus we consecrate  
The glory of our state.

-Estelle M. Davenport

# Delaware

## THE PEACH BLOSSOM

A dainty little blossom appearing in the spring,  
With petals pink and delicate just as the spring  
birds sing;  
It only stays a little while with lessons us to teach,  
And if you ask me what is it - It's the blossom of the  
peach.

Its center is just red enough to give the tint it  
needs,  
Its stem is very short indeed, and scarcely any leaves  
But those of us in Delaware admire it as we reach  
And draw it closely to us - It's the blossom of the  
peach.

It tells us God is love I'm sure, its pure as pure  
can be,  
Folk come so very many miles this blossom for to see;  
They speed along, the highways throng, our orchards  
for to reach,  
And get to see our flower - It's the blossom of the  
peach.

The blossom and our little State compare so very well  
Both being small and beautiful, we love of them to  
tell;  
So welcome friends and neighbors to our State and  
blossom fete,  
It comes to us each spring time - It's the blossom of  
the peach.

-Mary W. Cannon

# Florida

## THE ORANGE BLOSSOM

Creamy petals falling  
In white perfume--  
Snowflakes for Florida,  
The orange tree's in bloom!

Magic in its fragrance,  
Glory in its grace,  
Roots have woven splendor  
From the common place.

Where the star of evening  
Stoops to kiss a tree  
Countless starry blossoms  
Twinkle merrily.

Diadem of beauty  
Brides have proudly donned,  
Every waxen flower  
Is a fairy wand.

A mockingbird for music,  
A banjo for a spree,  
But oh, the orange blossom  
Is Florida to me.

-Vivian Yeiser Laramore  
Poet Laureate of Florida

# Georgia

## THE CHEROKEE ROSE

We sing a song of Georgia - one of the old thirteen -  
And the many wonders of her spring;  
She spreads a velvet carpet of tender, glowing green,  
In her dales a million bird-notes ring.  
Brown thrashers from the hedges will sing to you and me  
While the dainty buds of the Cherokee Rose,  
Doth bloom in gentle beauty from the mountains to the  
                sea,  
No fairer flower Georgia grows.

Oh, Georgia, with your hedges of Cherokee a-bloom,  
Your water-melons, peaches, and golden-rod's tall  
plume;  
Oh, dainty-petaled flower of Georgia Land a part!  
Oh, gold and ivory Cherokee,  
That blossoms in your heart.

The red old hills of Georgia are crowned with tow'ring  
    pines,  
And her sunsets are of flaming gold;  
The haughty robin red-breasts on holly berries dine,  
Near the box-wood bordered walks of old;  
The mock-bird in the moonlight sings from yon mag-  
    nolia tree,  
Honeysuckles weave a fragrant spell;  
But everywhere, in beauty, blooms the rose of Cherokee,  
The flower Georgia loves so well.

**-Nelle Womack Heines**

# Idaho

## THE SYRINGA

If I could paint a picture  
And paint in colors that glow,  
I would spend my time  
In the work sublime,  
Painting sunny Idaho.

I would paint her sturdy mountains,  
And her stately popular trees.  
Her meadow brooks,  
Her sunny nooks  
And bright scenes such as these.

Syringa bushes in ravines  
I'd paint a snowy shower,  
Like orange blooms trail  
A bridal veil--  
Her emblematic flower!

The dazzling living colors  
That stain the western sky,  
The quiet white  
Of soft moonlight  
As the floating clouds go by.

But how could I paint the stillness  
Of the restful atmosphere,  
And picture content,  
As I find it blent  
With joy and living here?

Content and in the shelter  
Of the guarding peaks above  
Wrapping valleys low  
Of our Idaho  
In a warm caress of love.

-Bess Foster Smith  
Poet Laureate of Idaho



# Illinois

## THE WOOD VIOLET

The sky let fall a bit of blue,  
Rain carried it to earth,  
And from this broken bit of sky  
A flower was given birth.

Reflected in its petals gleam  
The hopes that banish tears,  
A light that does not fluctuate  
Nor fade with passing years.

A friendly flower, a precious flower,  
A messenger of joy,  
The Violet came from Heaven,  
And it blooms for Illinois.

-Arthur Milton Pope

# Indiana

## THE ZENNIA

The Zennia, Indiana's flower,  
Is spendthrift with its brilliant bloom.  
Its formal beauty, nature's dower,  
Is woven on her fruitful loom.

Through restless dunes and singing sands,  
Bright tapestries are gaily spread  
In parks, in hills, on prairie lands,  
Till faithless frost has nipped each thread.

It thrives on lean or favored ground,  
It shares with rich and poor the same,  
And Hoosier hearts with praise abound,  
We love that quaint and simple name,  
The Zennia!

-Margaret Marquart

# Iowa

## THE WILD ROSE

Trampled by hooves of the slow moving oxen,  
Companioned by sun, and wind, and the rain,  
Tepee and buffalo herd, and coyote,  
Pioneer flower of life on the plain.

Under the arch of the wide silent heavens,  
The wild rose once waited - grim years passing by  
(Trail blazing years of a powerful nation)  
Saw the herds vanish; knew the last cry

Of Indian war dance; saw the last wagon train  
Merge with the sunset; saw the steel rails  
Out through the prairie, spanning rivers;  
Saw highways and airways replace the old trails.

Iowa's chosen Pioneer Flower,  
Dountless of spirit, and faithful you stand,  
Your beauty and fragrance, gift to her century,  
No fairer flower, and no fairer land.

-Nora E. Huffman

# Kansas

## THE SUNFLOWER

She grows on the plains of Kansas  
Of sturdy stalk, like stalwart pioneers!  
Her gown of rough green leaves,  
Rustle and blow in the Kansas breeze,  
As rising from the earth's deep breast  
Rooted she stands - while around her  
                    young brown face  
She wears a frill of pointed petals as  
                    yellow as gold.

She mocks the silver stars and crescent moon  
And lifts her head to watch the Sun,  
Her lover, overhead,  
As solemnly he strides across the distant  
                    blue summer skies.  
She knows no other love, but faithful ever  
She turns her head to watch her errant lover,  
Who drops from view beyond the western slope  
Taking his far-flung light  
Leaving but darkness and the pale moon's light.

But she with drooping head, awaits the long  
                    night through...  
And lo! when eastern skies fling wide the gates  
                    of morning ...  
With face uplifted ... she awaits with eager  
                    longing ...  
And in silent salutation  
She greets the Sun ... her King ... At Dawning.

-Patricia Mueller

# Kentucky

## THE GOLDENROD

In the mountains of Kentucky  
Where the ivy's astral spray,  
And the laurel's waxen petals  
Make a mundane Milky way;  
Where the purple rhododendron  
And the wild for-get-me-nots;  
Bloom in amorous profusion  
Round a thousand ferny grots.

Here the streams are swift and  
sparkling  
And the thrushes always gay,  
And the redbirds glint and glimmer  
Through the livelong summer day;  
But the glory of Kentucky  
Is where beauty's feet have trod  
In the brilliant fields of autumn,  
Crowned with magic goldenrod.

Beauty is a sprite  
And like a beam of light,  
She dances through the mountains  
And on velvet bluegrass sod;  
But when summer's over  
And the bees have left the clover  
She turns her fairy slippers  
Into flames of goldenrod.

-J. T. Cotton Noe  
Poet Laureate of Kentucky

# Louisiana

## THE MAGNOLIA

Deep in the wood of scent and song,  
Bright is the sweet magnolia bloom;  
A torch at night, a star at dawn,  
Filling the air with rare perfume.

Hers is the cup in beauty wrought,  
Soft waxen petals, snowy white.  
Hers is the symbol of heav'ns thought,  
O matchless flow'r of radiant light.

Then sing ye bards of our flow'r queen,  
As the soft moonlight fills her bow'r,  
We love her, oh, Evangeline,  
None quite so sweet as our State flow'r.

-Theophilus Fitz

# Maine

## PINE CONE and TASSEL

O pines of Maine, dear pines of Maine,  
With thy proud heads uplifted high,  
Telling thy tales of days long dead  
To all the woods, and streams and sky,  
O pines upon Maine's thousand hills,  
Whose perfume scents the restless air,  
Whose voices soothe our sleep at night,  
Sweet as a softly murmured prayer.

Thou art high born, O pines of Maine!  
All nature helped to give thee birth,  
Thy father was the sun and wind,  
Thy mother, the dark soil of earth.  
Then toss thy dark-plumed heads on high,  
From northern hill unto the sea,  
And mingle with thy songs of old,  
The songs of wondrous days to be.

O stately, green-robed pines of Maine!  
O sunlit lake of shining waves!  
O happy homes upon our hills!  
O cherished spots of loved one's graves!  
Though we should wander far away,  
And know life's deepest joy and pain,  
We trust that sometime we shall sleep  
Beneath the dear old pines of Maine.

-Elizabeth Powers Merrill

# Maryland

## THE OXEYE DAISY

A black-eyed daisy holds my heart  
And takes me back to Maryland;  
A black-eyed daisy for my sight -  
The state that claims it, my command.

Is there a flower I ask of you  
More gently beautiful than this,  
On which the sun in petals bright  
Has left its imprint in a kiss?

What lovelier could be too to watch  
That glowing fringe, than centered brown  
The daisy shows? I challenge you  
To find in house or field or town

A flower that shines more radiant  
Than Maryland's state flower, a toast  
To Maryland, I give you and  
To this fair flower that is her heart.

-George Elliston



# Massachusetts

## THE MAYFLOWER

One coin alone of courage is left--  
(Those graves upon the hill!)  
The food was scarce and snow was deep  
In shaded places still.

Beset by fear, grim hunger, doubt--  
"Were we wrong after all?  
The lanes are fair in England now,  
And larks will rise and call."

On sunny slope in brown, dead leaves,  
A blossom fragile, bright,  
Drew winter weary eyes that had  
Endured so much for right.

And once again hope slowly stirred,  
And, loathe to die, grew strong  
And sang in grief-dulled hearts. They smiled  
And knew they were not wrong.

With sword they sought sweet peace and calm,  
And liberty and right.  
Lest we, in ease, forget that year,  
We'll keep our sword blades bright.

-Madeleine Burch

# Michigan

## THE APPLE-BLOSSOM

True Michigan is not expressed  
By smoky factories or cars that roll  
Smoothly along  
But dainty flowers  
Are symbols that denote our best -  
Our thoughtful hours,  
As we chant out the ideals of our soul,  
Inspire to rhythmic song.

For when the orchards on the dunes  
Have had dead Winter's melted snows to drink  
And been caressed  
By loving sun,  
Fresh blossoms dance to Spring's gay tunes -  
And every one  
As fragrant, soft, and delicately pink  
As an artless maiden's breast.

-Robert Wood Clack

# Mississippi

## THE WHITE MAGNOLIA

Radial green and glossy leaves of white magnolia  
Guard the purity that gleams in waxen curves  
In their hearts of tender gold,  
When petal sheaths unfold,  
Is the emblem of the faith our state deserves.

In the softness of the night in Mississippi,  
White magnolias, like planets, gleam afar,  
Where the fragrant tangles twine  
Over branches of the pine  
And each jasmine blossom glimmers like a star.

When the rich, exotic breath of pale magnolias  
Floats in incense, as from censurs burning high,  
Then my kindled soul, elate  
With the glories of my state,  
Breathes its vow to love, to serve, her till I die,

-Anne-Elise Roane Winter

# Minnesota

## THE MOCCASIN FLOWER

There's a small white lady slipper  
Of the Cinderella kind  
With tiny stripe of purple  
Or a soft magenta lined  
Any maid of Minnesota loves to wear  
it in her pride ...  
Dainty slipper for a fairy or a little  
Elfin bride!

There's a Showy Lady Slipper  
Largest native orchid known --  
Found in swamps and open woodlands ...  
(One a queen might love to own.)  
None surpasses it in beauty  
Of the flowers nature sows  
With its heel of petaled satin  
And its dainty toe of rose.

There's a stemless Lady Slipper  
Chosen by the North Star State  
In the sandy rocky woodland  
When the spring is cold and late  
Pink or white or golden yellow  
Moccasin for Indian feet  
When the Fire God has wooed her  
And she found the wooing sweet.

Not a state save Minnesota  
Has five orchids growing wild  
Moccasins to grace the dancing  
Of a sprite .. an elfin child.  
Marly bog or lowland meadow,  
Swamp or sand or rocky ground  
Where the Fire God has wandered  
Ever, Moccasins are found.

Margarette Ball Dickson  
Post Laureate of Minnesota

# Missouri

## THE HAWTHORN

Missouri Hawthorn! flower of our state,  
In feverent words we offer sincere praise.  
Thou art the emblem of a people, great  
Whose course, like thine, hath traveled  
                    devious ways.  
Thy radiant petals our proud crest adorn --  
Favored of all flowers in Missouri born.  
                    Missouri Hawthorn!

Each wind-swept hill, each lowly, rock-bound  
                    glade,  
Flaunts thy white plumes when Spring is at  
                    her best.  
And Summer's golden fingers oft hath laid  
Thy leaves as shelter for the fledgling's  
                    nest.  
Bright Autumn finds thee giving ruddy food  
To hungry, feathered songsters and their brood.  
                    Missouri Hawthorn!

Sturdy and strong, as our domain is strong,  
Rugged and free, as fearless men are free,  
Thou art the symbol of a marching throng  
Whose dauntless faith and fine simplicity  
Conceive our commonwealth. Sweet fragrant  
                    shrine,  
Our love, our praise, our homage, all are thine.  
                    Missouri Hawthorn!

-May Stafford Hilburn

# Montana

## THE BITTER-ROOT

Bitter-root, our emblem blossom  
Of Montana, broad and free;  
Bitter-root, though meek and lowly  
We are proud to sing of thee.  
When our Pilgrim Fathers found you  
Nestled in Montana's sod,  
Kneeled they with thee, in the sunshine  
Offered they their prayers to God.

We will sing our loud Hosanna,  
In this dear land of the blest,  
Let me die in "Old Montana,"  
In her bosom let me rest;  
In this land of gold and plenty  
Let us banish every gloom,  
In the sunshine of Montana,  
Where the bitter-root will bloom.

-Mayme E. Finley

# Nebraska

## THE GOLDENROD

In Nebraska  
Summer's gold  
By the roadside  
Field and sod  
Head defiant  
Bright and brave  
Blooms the  
Goldenrod.

Summer's wind  
Heat and sun  
Brings but fairer  
Goldenrod.  
Symbol true  
Shining clear  
Friendly heads  
Goldenrod.

In Nebraska  
Flower of state  
By the roadside  
Field and sod.  
Head defiant  
Bright and brave  
Blooms the  
Goldenrod.

-Emma Boge Whisenand  
Poet Laureate of Nebraska  
State Federation Women's Clubs

# Nevada

## THE SAGEBRUSH

It needs no stately forest trees  
To hide it from the blast,  
No laughing brooklet mirrors it  
While gently gliding by;  
But far from stream and forest  
It spreads its leaves of green,  
Where miles and miles, o'er rock  
                    and sand,  
No other plant is seen.

It has all seasons for its own.  
On the far-off western plains  
The wild herd feed upon it  
When nothing else remains;  
For when in depths of winter  
The world lies sere and dead,  
In defiance to the tempest  
The sagebrush lifts its head.

Though it has no gorgeous coloring  
To catch the wand'ring eye,  
Though the searcher for the beautiful  
Might even pass it by,  
Flourishing in the storm and sunshine,  
Through the land we love the best.  
Emblem of our sturdy people  
Is the sagebrush of the west.

-Eleanor K. Howell



# New Hampshire

## THE PURPLE LILAC

When May has told April goodbye  
Amid a shower of bloom;  
When Spring has blessed and soft  
    caressed  
With her own light perfume  
New Hampshire's rugged mountain  
    sides,  
Her valleys coming green --  
By cottage small and mansion tall  
A miracle is seen:  
    The purple plume  
    Of the lilacs, bloom  
    Where the mountains loom  
    In New Hampshire.

Our mothers brought across the sea,  
When first they reached this shore,  
The lilac slips with budded tips  
To plant by every door.  
Its beauty lightened every heart  
Till love for it had grown  
So wide and vast that here at last  
'Twas called New Hampshire's own.  
    Oh, the purple plume  
    Of the lilacs, bloom  
    Where the mountains loom  
    In New Hampshire.

-Edith Haskell Tappan  
Poet Laureate of New Hampshire

# New Jersey

## THE JERSEY VIOLET

In life we have our happy hours  
Which are brought by nature's flowers,  
Jersey violets bring us gladness,  
Dispelling gloom and morbid sadness.  
Violets found on hill and dale  
Grown in every home and vale,  
Their petals speak with joyous tongue  
Understood by everyone.

The violet in it's pale blue gown  
Has brought to Jersey world renown,  
It gently bows and smiles so sweet  
And curtsies at our children's feet.  
It peeps up at the dawn of the day  
And beckons children out to play.  
The Jersey violet pure and sweet  
The violet that is prim and neat.

The violet tall, erect and straight,  
The violet proud and so sedate,  
The violet that we dedicate  
The violet of New Jersey State.  
Jersey violets seem to say  
Thanks, O Lord, for each bright day,  
Hail the violet of our state  
Hail, Our state flower grand and great.

-Cal J. McCarthy

# New Mexico

## THE YUCCA

The Father looked down from above  
To find a place for the blossom we love;  
He chose a lonely desert site  
And breathed on it with all his might;  
Then from the earth there sprang that day  
A field of snowy yuccas gay, -----  
Like waxy candles straight and high  
They turned their faces to the sky.

Again, the Father raised His hand  
And whispered low, "Enchanted land!"  
Tall yuccas cast their halo bright  
Like lighted candles in the night,  
To guide the wanderer to rest  
O'er mesa wide, or mountain crest,  
So every heart would throb and glow  
With love for our New Mexico.

-Evelyn E. Bayne

# New York

## THE ROSE

The Rose is gowned in petaled grace,  
And lovely beyond telling,  
She always lifts a friendly face,  
Regardless of her dwelling.

Her golden silence can express  
To us, no matter where,  
Joy shared; give solace in distress  
From those who fondly care.

The Rose has ways of saying things  
We much delight to hear;  
Without a spoken word, she brings  
And keeps our loved ones near.

-Laura S. Beck

# North Carolina

## THE OX-EYE DAISY

Our daisy with a heart of gold!  
Host to the passer-by;  
Apparelled in the sheen of light  
Caught from a summer sky.

Adorning carelessly the fields  
And meadows - paths untrod;  
Rising above the patient grass,  
And looking up to God.

Fair flowerets that star the state  
If wandering I go;  
At heart I shall be nearer home  
Where oxeye daisies grow.

-Daisy Crump Whitehead

# North Dakota

## THE WILD PRAIRIE ROSE

Far I have traveled  
O'er mountain and strand;  
Time has unraveled  
Like twine in the hand.  
Sometime's I'm sad  
As I seek my repose,  
Till my thoughts run back  
          glad,  
To my Rolla red rose.

The red rose of Rolla  
My Rolla red rose,  
Your glow I will follow  
Till life's shadows close.

I went off to battle,  
My country to aid,  
The men fell like cattle,  
But was I afraid!  
The last bullet fired,  
Defeated our foes,  
I lay down and dreamed  
Of my Rolla red rose.

I'm old now and weary  
And walk with a cane,  
My two eyes are teary,  
I've nothing but pain,  
A few more short hours  
And I'll go I suppose,  
Oh, please omit flowers,  
But my Rolla red rose.

-Colonel Paul S. Bliss

# Ohio

## THE RED CARNATION

Ohio's flower hold her head  
In high disdain above the bed  
Where roses beckon wanton airs  
And shimmering butterflies in  
pairs  
Ascend bright undulating stairs.

Its petals liberate a scent  
Of heavenly ambrosias blent.  
The eglantine is not more sweet  
Than this exquisite bloom replete  
With loveliness.

Each day allegiances are spoken  
With blossoms pink and blossoms  
pale.  
The mountain side, the park, the  
vale  
Yield rhododendron and the frail  
Arbutus clinging to the ground;  
I cherish these, but I have found  
Deep satisfaction and elation  
In the richness of a spiced carna-  
tion.

-Mabel Posegate  
Poet Laureate of Ohio

# Oklahoma

## THE MISTLETOE

Land of the mistletoe, smiling in splendor,  
Out from the borderland, mystic and old,  
Sweet are thy memories, precious and tender,  
Linked with thy summers of azure and gold.

O, Oklahoma, fair land of my dreaming,  
Land of the lover, thy loved and the lost;  
Cherish thy legends with tragedy teeming,  
Legends where love reckoned not of the cost.

Land of Sequoah, my heart's in the keeping,  
O, Tulledega, how can I forget?  
Calm are thy vales where the silences sleeping,  
Wake into melodies tinged with regret.

Let the deep chorus of life's music throbbing,  
Swell to full harmony born on the years;  
Or for the loved and lost, tenderly sobbing,  
Drop to that cadence that whispers of tears.

Land of the mistletoe, here's to thy glory!  
Here's to thy daughters as fair as the dawn!  
Here's to thy pioneer sons, in whose story  
Valor and love shall live endlessly on!

-George Riley Hall

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# Oregon

## THE OREGON GRAPE

Sing ho, heigh ho, for the Oregon grape,  
Heigh ho, for the Oregon grape!  
Her beauty blooms through all the rooms,  
On every day that's jolly.  
Her gay leaves tell of wedding bell,  
Of glad Thanksgiving day,  
Of Christmas chime and New Year's time  
And merry first of May.

Then ho, heigh ho, for the Oregon grape,  
Heigh ho, for the Oregon holly,  
Her beauty blooms through all our rooms,  
On every day that's jolly.

In winter snow or summer glow,  
Her green leaves laugh as fair.  
Her lustrous smile the days beguile,  
When rainclouds fill the air.  
She crowns our dead when life is sped,  
She wreathes the bridal hall,  
The day of birth, the day of mirth,  
She garlands first of all.

At sweet sixteen her lusture sheen  
With lights and music vie.  
Commencement days reflect her rays  
Above each earnest eye.  
Then ho, heigh ho, for the Oregon grape,  
Our brilliant winter bloom,  
Her subtle spell enveileth well,  
The bridal or the tomb.

-Eva Emery Dye

# Pennsylvania

## THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL

On Pennsylvania's hills the verdant Spring  
Went wandering by rhythmic silver streams  
To call the migratory birds to sing  
Among the hollows and the rocks where gleams  
    The mountain laurel.  
Gold buttercups, white-petaled dogwood trees,  
The bluebells chiming down the woven green,  
Pale violets, and pearl anemones  
Were but the humble courtiers of the Queen,  
    The mountain laurel.

When clouds that drank the glowing rose of dawn  
Were broken on the upward-reaching spars  
Of pines and drifted down to fall upon  
The waiting shrubs of evergreen in stars  
    Of mountain laurel.  
The hills were thrilled! For all the woodland knew  
The queen had come! How feverently prevailed  
The choirs of birds! The lilting breezes drew  
Their thumbs across the lutes of firs and hailed  
    The mountain laurel.

Though purple fogs encircle it, or rows  
Of netted vines encompass it about,  
Though it may seem forgotten by all those  
Who lauded it with color and with shout:  
    "Our mountain laurel."  
Though every bud may wither on the floor  
Of needled woods and perish from the sight,  
Upon our hearts and hills forevermore  
Is graven deep the queenly rose-and white  
    Of mountain laurel!

-Rebecca Helman-

# Rhode Island

## THE CROWFOOT VIOLET

The smallest of the states and the smallest  
of flowers  
Are happily wedded in springtime hours  
Its leaves like a crow's foot tread gallantly  
Rhode Island by the sea.

Blue is the Anchor of Hope on the shield,  
Blue is the violet painting the field,  
Boldly her forebears made freest of free  
Rhode Island by the sea.

Pale blue is the flower a soft tender hue  
Reflecting the sky's own clear springtime blue  
In ancient pasture, and meadow and lea,  
Rhode Island by the sea.

Few are her acres and small is the state,  
Small is the violet, its fragrance is great  
A waft of perfection, a breath for the free  
Rhode Island by the sea.

-Caroline Hazard  
Formerly President Wellesly College

# South Carolina

## THE YELLOW JASMINE

I had forgotten spring was near  
Until behold,  
The old field-fences glorified  
With bells of gold;  
The perfumed bells of jasmine  
So golden sweet,  
In ecstasy of ringing, some  
Had fallen at my feet.

Come iridescent humming-bird!  
Come droning bee!  
Drink deep, yet heave in every bloom  
Perfume for me.  
Dear fairy bells, of glowing gold  
In joy then ring!  
And I will add my little song  
To welcome spring.

-Edith L. Fraser

# South Dakota

## THE PASQUEFLOWER

My own South Dakota, when you meet the Spring  
Among your dark mountains and on your wide plains,  
And when the first venturous meadowlarks sing  
Beneath the first shivering, hesitant rains,  
That bold bit of life at the edge of the snows,  
Our true little blue little Pasque Flower grows.

The farmer that sings to his team as he tills,  
The cowboy that yells on the windy divide,  
The ranger that laughs in the forested hills  
Have seen it and know that old Winter has died.  
More welcome than any voluptuous rose,  
Our wild little, mild little Pasque Flower grows.

My own South Dakota, play up to your part!  
Live up to your flower when troubles annoy -  
That fearless blue blossom with gold at its heart,  
A starlet of hope with center of joy -  
For out of cold turf at the edge of the snows  
The brave little, grave little Pasque Flower grows.

-Badger Clark  
Poet Laureate of South Dakota

# Tennessee

## THE IRIS

He who comes to Tennessee  
In May (Oh, May in Tennessee!)  
Will find a gracious gaiety,  
    For this is Iris time.  
Through fragrant air the sun distils  
Warm wonder over lanes and hills  
Where petaled pagentry fulfills  
    All dreams of Iris time.

Now vivid gardens wear the gleam  
And timeless beauty of a dream  
Dreamed in some remote regime -  
    Perhaps in Plato's time;  
And near the classic Parthenon,  
The clear lagoon and floating swan,  
Long velvet bands are bright upon  
    Green lawns at Iris time.

Greek goddess though our Iris be,  
She weaves her veils in Tennessee -  
Purple and gold and Ivory -  
    And makes the colors chime.  
Flaunting an irridescent wing,  
She sets a rainbow blossoming! -  
And lays on Tennessee in spring  
    The glamour of Iris' time.

-Grace Armstrong Allen

# Texas

## THE BLUEBONNET

Blue bonnet awaken, for spring-time is here  
Wake from your dreaming and give of your cheer,  
Come let us wreath Texas with blue bonnets gay  
And gladden the people who pass Texas way.

We'll grow by the highway o'er which men shall ride,  
On the banks of the streamlets and up the hill side,  
In riotous beauty far out on the lea  
And we'll grow by the door yard for shut-ins to see.

And then we shall seek the dim corners of earth  
And spread a blue carpet for dancing and mirth,  
Deep scars we will cover where rocks have been hurled  
We will crowd to our places and transform the world.

There are some who love poppies and some daffodils,  
And some smoky asters 'a top of the hills,  
The columbine slender and goldenrod too,  
Then welcome to Texas we have room for you.

Yes, room and a welcome to none is denied,  
Our prairies are broad and our borders are wide,  
Come mingle your colors with bonnets o' blue,  
In the great heart of Texas there's welcome for you.

-May Abney Mayes

# Utah

## THE SEGO LILY

When hot winds press the torrid  
                  earth  
To drain the stream-beds dry,  
The sego lily lifts its face,  
Undaunted, to the sky.

For once it fed a hungry band  
Whom Death had set apart,  
And held the secret of the deed  
Deep purpled in its heart.

Now wheels of time have rolled  
                  along  
Through narrow grooves of change,  
Till Utah furnished men with homes  
Beside the Wasatch range.

And, wishing to repay the debt  
Before it was too late,  
The lovely bloom was voted best  
To represent the state.

When hot winds press the torrid  
                  earth  
To drain the stream-beds dry,  
The sego lily lifts its face,  
Undaunted, to the sky.

-Lucile Iredale Carleson  
-Ralph J. Donahue



# Vermont

## THE RED CLOVER

Th' meadow lark is bubbling over,  
White summer clouds sail high,  
Bees are sipping honeyed blossoms  
With the gold-winged butterfly;  
Here, the gods have stored their nectar,  
like a font  
In the fields of sweet red clover -  
State flower of Vermont.

Though I were a gypsy rover  
And wandered here and there,  
Could the gorgeous tropic blossoms  
Or Alpine bloom compare -  
In all the glorious colors they can  
flaunt -  
With the modest sweet red clover,  
State flower of Vermont.

If I should the wide world cover,  
Go searching everywhere  
For the loveliest of blossoms,  
Could any be more fair -  
That any state or continent can vaunt -  
Than the modest sweet red clover,  
State flower of Vermont.

Give red roses to the lover,  
The bride, tall lillies white,  
Beauty's boon, pink apple blossoms;  
But oh for me - the sight  
And scent, my memory will haunt -  
Sloping fields of sweet red clover,  
State flower of Vermont.

-Sarita Holt Brownlee

# Virginia

## THE DOGWOOD

Flame in the dusky meadow,  
Face at each window pane;-  
Now at the April of the year  
The dogwood flowers again.

Blooms wrought of carven ivory,  
Each starry blossom blent  
Like a pale constellation  
In the blue firmament.

Dogwood - Virginia's flower -  
Petalling everywhere,  
White as the foam of a breaking wave,  
Fair as the moon is fair.

Flame in the dusky meadow,  
Face at each window pane;-  
Now at the April of the year  
The dogwood flowers again!

-John Richard Moreland

# Washington

## THE RHODODENDRON

Across the warm night's subtle dusk,  
Where linger yet the purple light  
And perfume of the wild sweet musk -  
So softly glowing, softly bright,  
Tremble the rhododendron bells,  
The rose-pink rhododendron bells.

Tall, slender trees of evergreen  
That know the winds of Puget sea;  
And narrow leaves of satin's sheen  
Hold clusters of sweet mystery -  
Mysterious rhododendron bells,  
Of rose-pink rhododendron bells.

O hearken-hush! And lean thine ear,  
Tuned for elfin melody,  
And tell me now ... dost thou not hear  
Those voices of sweet mystery? ...  
Voices of silver-throated bells,  
Of rose-pink rhododendron bells.

-Ella Higginson  
Poet Laureate of Washington  
State Federation Women's Clubs

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"When the Birds Go North Again."

# West Virginia

## THE RHODODENDRON

High on West Virginia's mountains,  
Mirrored in eternal springs,  
Laved by ever-flowing fountains,  
There the rhododendron clings -  
Swayed by storm and lightening riven,  
Flushed with youth her eager face,  
Guards the heights to freemen given,  
Symbol of a conquering race.

Rhododendron, O Rhododendron,  
West Virginia's emblem bold,  
Ever flourish, brave hearts nourish  
In your rugged mountain hold;  
O Rhododendron, queen of story,  
Chosen flower of liberty,  
Hear us proudly sing your glory,  
"Mountaineers are always free!"

Safe she reigns in regal splendor  
Challenging the strong and true;  
Let each patriot defender  
Dedicate his sword anew.  
Sing, you loyal sons and daughters,  
By Potomac's flashing spray,  
By Kanawha's canyoned waters,  
By Ohio's calm pathway.

-Jessie M. Thresham

# Wisconsin

## THE VIOLET

Sing blithely, robins, when violets wake  
Here in Wisconsin along every lake, ....  
Sing blithely.

Blow gently, wind, where each emerald leaf  
Resembles the heart of some hunter or chief,..  
Blow gently.

Go softly, children, and bend to bright faces  
Where violets hearten our forested places,...  
Go softly.

Hum tenderly, bees, near the purple nosegays  
Our brides have entwined for their happiest days,  
Hum tenderly.

Wave merrily, Spring, to the strangers who roam  
For in leafy Wisconsin is always a home,.....  
Wave merrily.

-Beulah Jackson Charmly  
Poet Laureate of Wisconsin

# Wyoming

## THE INDIAN PAINTBRUSH

Indian paintbrush of the heights  
Weaving the blankets of the nights,  
Blending the hues of setting sun  
Into the twilight when day is done.

Drops of blood in the swaying grass  
Close to the trails where ages pass,  
Crimson in memory down the years  
With blood of Wyoming pioneers.

Torch of Flame on the high plateaus  
Heroes died where your beauty grows,  
Warming the mountain glacier's feet  
Down where prairies and Rockies meet

Indian paintbrush in the sage,  
Beacon of hope in a careless age,  
Guide our path to the heights above  
With deathless fire and burning love

-Robert B. David













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